

# THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

PIETRO MASCAIGNI'S troubles continue to multiply. He has been forced to abandon his American tour temporarily, owing to a series of complications regarding his itinerary. Mascagni played his last concert in Chicago and his managers canceled his engagements in Keokuk, Iowa, owing to the conductor's illness, which is thought to have been induced by the many reverses attendant upon his American tour. He is said not to be dangerously ill, but his physician will not allow him to leave his hotel. The climax was reached Sunday evening, when his press representative secured a attachment on the baggage belonging to the company in an effort to collect \$124 claimed for advance press work. This led to many rumors, including one that the company had been stranded and that there was no money for transportation. It is believed, despite the statement to the contrary of Mascagni's manager, that the Italian musician's American tour is at an end, but it is also understood that Mascagni had enough to pay his company, and that, if necessary, the Italian consul, Count Roznowski, will arrange to get his countrymen back to Italy.

LILLIAN NORDICA will soon enter suit for damages against the Southern Railway. Her claims will amount of \$50,000. Last season, while on a concert tour of the United States, Mrs. Nordica's private car was in a collision, and the singer asserts that she was thrown violently from her bed, sustaining injuries which necessitated the cancellation of many dates. The losses incurred in this way are said to aggregate \$18,000, and her own sufferings and the damage to her private car complete the total. Mrs. Nordica arrived in New York from England two weeks ago, having kept her stateroom throughout the voyage, and after her arrival it was announced that she was too ill to sing. The production of "Tristan and Isolde" was postponed for a week owing to the singer's indisposition.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT has arrived in New York from Europe. The singer is

confined to her apartments as the result of an attack of whooping cough which she contracted in London while singing at a dinner given for the poor children of the city. Owing to her illness, Mme. Blauvelt was forced to cancel all her engagements on the other side, but it is hoped that she will recover soon enough to fill her appointments in the United States.

YALE'S glee and mandolin clubs gave a concert at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Monday night. Yale alumni acted as ushers, and the college colors were liberally displayed by the women in the audience. A series of dinner and supper parties marked the engagement in Chicago of the popular clubs.

RICHARD MANSFIELD a few seasons ago announced it as his belief that it was practical and sufficient for an artist to confine his advertising to newspapers. He began to eliminate in consequence certain features of pictorial advertising. He stopped using small novelty picture cards and the use of his lithograph in show windows. Next he refused to furnish frames of photographs for theater posters and mercantile locations. Incidentally he kept reducing the supply of advertising posters, and he assailed the glowing adjective in the advertisement. He now allows no words of an advertisement not absolutely necessary for a brief and accurate statement of his appearance, and the name of the play, the theater, and the date. In his current newspaper advertisement there is simply "Mr. Richard Mansfield in Shakespeare's tragedy, 'Julius Caesar.'" Mr. Mansfield has declined also to have any photographs taken of scenes from his plays or of himself in character.

ENID BRANDT, said to be a talented pianist of ten years, gave a recital a few days ago in New York at Mendelssohn Hall. Strangely enough, little Miss Brandt was not presented as a "musical prodigy," but appeared for the purpose of gaining confidence. It is said that she will now return to her studies.

The announcement is not without its element of absurdity, for certainly it is extraordinary to expect representatives of New York's musical colony to attend a recital not given to entertain the audience or to contribute in any way to the advancement of art, but that the performer may gain self-repose. And for this the public is asked to pay.

THE MENDELSSOHN TRIO CLUB, of New York, gave its third concert of the season Monday at the Hotel Majestic. The recitals by the club are among the important musical events of New York, and are well patronized by those prominent in the social and musical life of the metropolis.

GEORGE W. CABLE is accredited with the following interesting comment on book plays:

"Let me point out," he said, "one of the widest differences I have thus far noticed between plays and novels. It is a maxim, I believe, of the playwright that nothing should be communicated by words which can be communicated by actions. But the novelist's finest opportunity and constant, unfailing resource for the portrayal of character is conversation. It is because of this rich and ever-rewarding resource that he can get his emotional effects without that appeal to 'situation' which the playwright must continually make."

"Henry James, in his 'The Portrait of a Lady,' has a young valetudinarian come down stairs into a room where his fair cousin sits waiting for the news. After standing with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders against the mantelpiece while he talks quietly for ten minutes, he tells her in colorless words that his father, up stairs, whom he loved, had died an hour before."

"If genius could successfully enact that scene it is only because to genius nothing is impossible, and yet that is one of the finest pages of one of the most masterly novelists now writing in English."

"I do not believe that the books which appeal to dramatists will make only

melodramas. Taking the daring liberties he takes with the original scheme of a book, any really gifted dramatist should be able to draw from it a true drama or at least a play not merely melodramatic."

MME. FLORENCE HARTWIG, who has won the admiration of "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, by her singing will give a number of private and public recitals this winter. Mme. Hartwig is a native of Vermont. She went abroad at an early age, and took a course of vocal instruction under prominent teachers of Germany and France. Until two years ago she lived in various European capitals, but she is now making a visit to her native land, her husband having been called here on matters of business. Mme. Hartwig will return to Roumania next fall.

KUBELIK, the technician of the violin, is attending strictly to business on the other side of the Atlantic. He recently made a tour in England, where he was successful before he came to this country. Having completed that tour he departed for the continent to enjoy a short holiday. Of course that means that he went to Paris. Next he set out for Warsaw, whence he is booked to go to St. Petersburg and thence to Moscow. When the Christmas holidays are ended he will begin a tour in Germany and Austria, giving series of concerts at Vienna, Dresden and Leipzig. In the early spring he will be in Monte Carlo and will give a few concerts in the neighborhood. In April he is to give a series of orchestral concerts in Paris. In the autumn of next year he is to return to America, where he will travel under the direction of Daniel Froham.

TONY PASTOR heads his current program with the following:

RUSSELL BROTHERS & CO.  
In Their Latest Success by George M. Cohan,  
"A ROMANCE OF NEW JERSEY."  
Maggie Moore.....John Russell  
Rock O'Grady.....James Russell  
Mrs. Olivia Rockwell.....Miss Annie C. Russell  
Clarence McGinnis.....John Russell, Jr.  
Time, 1906. Place, New York city.

## AN ARMY BRIDE—ROMANCE AND RIVALRY—AT A FRONTIER FORT—By Lieut. JOHN LLOYD.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

A large part of the garrison of Fort Buchanan is out after Gonzales and his Apaches, who have escaped from the reservation. The weather is tropical. Lieutenant Hecker and the other soldiers are trying to keep cool on the veranda of the former's quarters. The officer has been talking about his many love affairs. Roman is allured to the fortune he has thrown away and to the mine in which his hopes lie buried. Hecker receives an order to meet the colonel at the railway station, where he is expected to arrive with two ladies. "Two fat old women," laughingly suggests Roman, as Hecker rides away accompanied by a squad led by Meliss, an enlisted man, whom Roman distrusts, but who is useful to Hecker.

The supposed "two fat old women" are in reality Mary Marcy, the colonel's daughter, newly graduated, blonde and pretty, and her cousin, Nina Wentworth, dark and beautiful, who has been "out" two seasons. Captain Adair, of the fort, happening to be on the train, meets the girls, and through naturally they are greatly taken with Nina. When the train arrives Lieutenant Hecker sees only the young ladies, and overlooking a black-eyed Mexican girl who is watching for a sign of recognition.

### CHAPTER III.

The Dance at Hecker's Quarters.

"I KNOW it will be a slim crowd, but I am glad of it, British and Neal and Adair will come in, and that will be more than enough with the men here."

"What I should like," said Mr. Roman from the hammock, where he swung and smoked cigarettes, "would be to have nobody except the two young ladies and ourselves—and the band. I'd want the band."

"British and Neal and Adair and Ellis—who's always glad enough of a chance to dance to some other fiddling than his wife's—can dance with those people from Tombstone."

"May I ask," said Mr. Roman, "if Mrs. Savage is included in those people from Tombstone?"

"She was invited."

"Has it struck you, my dear boy, that Mrs. Savage may not take kindly to having her program made out for her—prematurely? And does it strike you at all that Captain Adair is rather running you with Miss Wentworth?"

"Gosh, the most serious fault you own is a disinclination to minding your own business."

Roman leaned over the side of the hammock, his delicate dark face as smilingly inscrutable as ever. "When I see an old friend with so many trousers I like to advise him."

Mary and Nina had unpacked their prettiest gowns for this festivity of Hecker—a dance on his great veranda. There had been a round of festivities since the colonel had brought home his daughter and niece. Before that, there had been no young ladies in the camp except the three very young and very plain daughters of Captain Judd, and Mrs. Ellis, who was so in love with her own husband that her youth was lost to the world.

The great officers' ambience, followed by a train of horseback riders, and a detachment of soldiers keeping a wary eye out for signs of Indians, had gone peacefully in every canyon for two miles. There had been invitations to every house in Officers' Row.

MRS. M'KINLEY DINES OUT ON CHRISTMAS DAY First Holiday Away From Home Since Husband's Death—Her Sister's Guest.

CANTON, Ohio, Dec. 25.—Mrs. McKinley broke her custom of remaining at home day after day and spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. M. C. Barber. The dinner was served in the Barber home.

Roman sat on Hecker's veranda late on the summer nights in these days, and smoked endlessly. He made resolves to go back to the ranch the next day, and told himself that at least he was in love, desperately in love, and with the sweetest girl on earth, and that he had put it forever out of his power to be anything to her. For the first time his heart ached over his wild days and his squandered fortune, and perhaps it was the best test of his affection that in remembering Mary Marcy's sweet eyes he regretted the wild days more than the lost inheritance. He cringed when he thought of his escapades reaching her ears. But every morning he found his resolution failed him.

"It's her father's place to find out what a black sheep I am, and send me off the reservation," he said to himself with the air of arguing down an opponent.

He was in no reveries tonight. The veranda had been decked with flags. Flynn's tin chandelier, stuck full of candles, hung from the ceiling. Hecker walked anxiously about his swing and garlanded habitation, as nervous as a young hostess giving her house-warming.

From the window of the room where Mary and Nina were dressing they could see the lights, and hear the stray bits of music, with which the famous cavalry band was tuning up.

"I don't know what's the reason," Mary said, leaning over near the mirror, and pulling out the little curls on her forehead. "I've been to larger dances than this, but this seems to be just the most exciting event of my life. I suppose it's because it is the first dance we've had out here."

Nina, at her own toilet table, laughed a little nervously. She was feeling something the same way—and trying to ridicule herself for it. She, who had gone through two brilliant New York seasons, to be feeling like a school girl at her first dance!

There was a sound of a long drawn note on a horn, and Mary ran to the window. Coming up the drive from the open mesa outside was a tall, dark coach whose top seemed to be covered with white gowns. There was talking and laughter.

"That must be the crowd from Tombstone," Mary said. "They say they have all sorts of junketing over there. There are a lot of sisters and daughters of mining people, with a great deal of money. The Mrs. Savage that Mrs. Judd rolls up her eyes over seems to be the leader of the revels. I wonder if she came."

There was no doubt about Mrs. Savage being there. Her presence was as conspicuous as that of a queen bee at swarming time. Even the entrance of the colonel with his two beauties hardly caused an appreciable diminution of her group.

As the girls came in, she had just been introduced to young Mr. Neal, a very juvenile "sub."

"To what arm do you belong, Mr. Neal?" said Mrs. Savage. It was dark on that end of the veranda and his colors were not visible. Jimmie Neal had the reputation at West Point of being

the perkiest member of his class. Jimmie loved effects and liked to swagger.

"I Mrs. Savage, am a son of the sword."

"Oh, truly!" Mrs. Savage laughed with briskness. "I thought you were the son of a gun!"

Nina was fond of a gay young matron; she had been charmed by too many of them not to take to the species, but her lip curled just a trifle as she came up the steps from the shadow of the live oak trees, and heard this remark. Her brow as Lieutenant Hecker introduced them was the chillest.

Mrs. Savage looked at her with a rather anxious hardness in her face. This was the girl, she had been told, who had taken Hecker captive. "Poaching on my preserves," Mrs. Savage would have called it.

At Nina's cool greeting a gratified look effaced her anxiety. "Jealous! She's heard of me," she thought. That there could be any other reason was beyond her comprehension.

In the West, where there are so few young women, or where the young women are married so early, their prerogatives as young women are not taken from them. They expect and receive the attention that is usually given to their unmarried sisters in the East. Mrs. Savage had married, at sixteen, a man twenty-five years her senior. She was acquainted with men—the men of the mining towns, and the mining circles in the East, and the San Francisco hotels. She said very cheerfully that she did not care much about those she did not know. She had no children, and her Chinaman kept her house.

The look came back into her face as Hecker passed out with the colonel's party.

Three hours later she beckoned with her fan to Roman, who turned to her with a pleased smile. She always amused him, as he amused her.

"You seem to be in love with Miss Marcy," Mrs. Savage said.

"I am."

"She's a pretty looking girl, and quite good for you, but I want to tell you that Colonel Marcy is looking at you with anything but joy in his eye. He hasn't enjoyed your dancing with his daughter five times half as much as you have."

"I suppose so."

Mrs. Savage seemed fun. Beyond a feeling of comradeship, Roman did not attract her the least in the world. She was more than ready to help him on with a love affair, if there were paternal obstacles in the way. Whatever the authority in power, Mrs. Savage was "agin" it.

"I'll tell you," she said. "You must bring her over to Tombstone. Get her to stay with me; but I don't want the colonel—mind. By the way, Lieutenant Hecker seems to be very much attracted by Miss Wentworth."

Roman let his black eyes rest mournfully upon Hecker down at the other end of the veranda. He was leaning against the railing behind Nina Wentworth, looking at her. She had borrowed Mary's big scarlet fan, which was the only spot of color in her white costume.

Roman wanted to be agreeable to Mrs.

Savage, and he did not wish to get Hecker into a scrape. However, indifference that Lothario might be to old friends, he would not care to break with them by proxy.

Just then Adair walked up to Nina and spoke to her.

"It is Adair who is in love with Miss Wentworth," Roman said.

### CHAPTER IV.

A Glance in the Moonlight.

Adair had been in the fort only a few times, his duties keeping him in the field, but each time he left he felt nearer to this beautiful, sympathetic, gentle girl. In the cozy corners the girl had created of Mohave blankets and Mexican hammocks, in the colonel's quarters, they had talked of the hopes and desires and fears and longings of two lonely young hearts.

Perhaps she had been a little of a coquette, but there was no thought of coquetry in Nina's mind now. There was nothing between her and Adair to hang a flirtation on, only a confidence that neither had ever felt like giving before, a companionship that was satisfying to each, and that at each meeting grew nearer and warmer.

Tonight Hecker had hung about Nina all evening, and it was late before Adair had been able to get even one dance. As they moved skillfully together, he felt that she was tired by the heat and the exertion, and as they passed a door he drew her inside and through to the other veranda.

This side was deserted now, except for Lieutenant Neal and one of the girls that Mrs. Savage had brought with her, who were sitting with heads close together in the shadiest corner. Without a word Adair went down the steps and under the black shadows of the live oak trees with Nina's arm in his.

"I never saw a dance anything like this before," she began nervously. There was an electricity in the atmosphere, a witchery in the Southern moonlight, that made her haunt the commonplace as a balance for the influences of the night.

"Nor I. I never supposed there could be such a one."

As they walked along over the sparse grass under the trees, Nina was trying to analyze her own feelings. It seemed to her that she had never before had a sensation of mental rest and support. The slight nervous sensation that she had had about her heart when she first came out all melted and disappeared, like a hand taken softly and reluctantly away. She knew what was coming—but she let it come. There was no spirit in her to combat it, to fence, to be judicial and think. Already she had given her whole nature into the keeping of this man.

She wasn't really sure she was in love with Adair. She only knew that there was something that was outside herself, a something that she might not destroy. She turned, and as they came to a gap in the trees looked up into his face, the moonlight on hers.

In a second Adair had put his arms about her, and was holding her close to his breast.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

## ADDITIONAL VICTIMS OF HOT SPRINGS FIRE

Four More Hurt in Poolroom Explosion May Die.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 25.—William Helwig and Joseph Kenney, both of Hot Springs, victims of the poolroom explosion, died in the course of the night.

Thus far these are the only fatalities recorded, although four more of the victims are likely to die. These are: C. R. Donnelly, Chicago; William Metzger, sixteen years old, Hot Springs; Thomas Ozler, engineer, Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, and W. S. McInerney, Louisville, Ky.

The explosion wrought dreadful havoc to the poolroom, which was located in the rear of the Turf Exchange. The house stands on Central Avenue, in the heart of the city. When the explosion occurred the poolroom was crowded with people and all went down in a mass of wreckage. L. C. Chambers, one of the proprietors of the club, had both legs and both wrists broken. The bones were set Wednesday night, and yesterday it was believed he will recover. J. C. Bureh, of Chicago, has a broken leg and is seriously injured.

Benjamin Murray, the driver of a gasoline tank wagon, who was arrested charged with criminal negligence, made a statement yesterday. He said he made a connection from his wagon to the gasoline tank in the cellar under the poolroom. Upon entering the cellar he found that twenty or thirty gallons of gasoline had overflowed and stood in a pool on the floor. Fearing an explosion, he rushed to an open window and closed it. He says the door was then opened by a negro porter, and the gases coming into contact with the lighted cigars in the poolroom ignited, and the explosion followed. Murray was blown against the side of the cellar, but escaped with slight injury.

All of the injured men are receiving the best of treatment. The large staff of physicians in the city have volunteered their services and are looking after the wants of the unfortunate victims.

Charles Walker, the partner of Mr. Chambers, stated today that the wrecked portion of the building will be rebuilt at once. He, with several employees, was on the second floor when the explosion occurred, but all escaped to the street in safety.

## SMALL FACTORY GIRL'S MOTHER PAYS FINE

Punished for Putting Her Child at Work, and Lying About Her Age.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 25.—Judge Gray and other members of the anthracite coal strike commission were moved to indignation several days ago, when eleven-year-old Theresa McDermott told how she and other tots had to leave school and work in a factory early and late to aid their parents in keeping the home together. The first results of this indignation became manifest Wednesday.

Mrs. Anna McDermott was arraigned before Alderman Miller, charged with giving false information under oath to enable her to put the child to work. It was alleged she had sworn that Theresa was thirteen years two months and nine days old. Little attempt was made at a defense.

Because the child had left the mill and is now attending school, the alderman took a merciful view of the case and fined Mrs. McDermott \$4 and costs, which she paid.

## MRS. LILY LANGTRY ARRIVES IN NEW YORK

Will Appear Monday in First American Production of "The Crossways."

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—With cabins fairly well filled with travelers the big Celtic, of the White Star Line, arrived off Sandy Hook late last night.

Prominent among the passengers who left Liverpool nine days ago is Mrs. Lily Langtry, who comes to appear in her new play, "The Crossways," which will be presented at the Garrick Theater next Monday evening. Mrs. Langtry is accompanied by her entire company.

A week before sailing for America, by royal command, the play was given its first performance in London at the Imperial Theater before the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

It is expected that the Celtic will reach her pier at 8:30 o'clock this morning.

## MASCAGNI CLOSING DOOR IN EX-MANAGER'S FACE

Composer Spends a Gloomy Christmas. Refuses to Admit Heard, Who Has Other Troubles.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Mascagni spent a gloomy Christmas, confined to his room by illness.

His former manager, Richard Heard, of Boston, was not admitted to his apartments. Mascagni closed the door in the manager's face when he called to discuss the question of \$4,000 receipts which the composer holds.

Mr. Heard has other troubles. He fears that he may have to go to jail when he returns to Massachusetts unless he forfeits \$600, for which amount he is on the bond of Signor Scialvanti, a tenor singer. Signor Scialvanti was arrested in Springfield, Mass., on a warrant sworn out by Mitchell Bros., Mascagni's managers, charging violation of contract.

Mr. Heard called at detective headquarters Wednesday afternoon and asked that the singer be arrested in order to insure his attendance before the Springfield court. Then he sent a telegram to New York requesting that he be detained if he appeared there.

## CAN OPEN HIS COFFIN SHOULD LIFE RETURN

Pennsylvanian Entombed in Vault He Invented.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 25.—In the vault he invented and built as a safeguard against premature burial the body of John M. Pursel has been laid to rest.

Never was a stranger burial witnessed in this part of the country. While the sorrowing widow and mourners stood about the quaint wall of stone masonry the pallbearers slowly placed the coffin in an iron compartment just large enough to receive it. The coffin lid was not screwed down, and immediately craftsmen commenced to place a covering of steel over the opening. This head was bolted and cemented fast in such a manner that it could be removed from the outside only by means of violent force. Should the inmate revive, however, he can unfasten the door of the "narrow house" by working a combination lock on the inner side and gain his freedom.

Mr. Pursel died of apoplexy at the age of seventy-three years. Neither his physician nor the members of his family entertained a doubt that life was extinct, and yet every precaution that the deceased had stipulated in life was observed to prevent burial alive.

The customary tests were applied, and the body was watched carefully day and night for sixty hours, but no signs of returning animation were noticed. Finally, when the coffin was placed in the vault, the utmost pains were taken to make sure that the mechanism of the patent head was in working order.

Mr. Pursel always dreaded being buried alive and left to the most horrible of fates. He made a large collection of newspaper clippings on the subject, and devoted years of his life to personal investigation.

Two years ago he visited several crematories, with the view of arranging for the burning of his body after death, but to this his wife and family objected. Then he conceived the notion of building the vault.

With the aid of his son, Thomas, he built a tomb in Grandview Cemetery, this city. The body of it is of solid masonry, and it fits into the side of a hill. Five compartments of iron were inserted horizontally, one for each member of Mr. Pursel's family. Each chamber is shaped similar to a coffin, and is open at the outer end.

All the steel heads which cover the compartments are fitted with combination locks of Mr. Pursel's invention. Should he or the occupant of any of the other chambers return to life the working of the combination from within would loosen the head, and an opening would be made.

Mr. Pursel's body is the first to test the merits of this novel mausoleum.

## LOCAL MAIL CARRIERS WORK LIKE TROJANS

Each is Given Assistant to Carry Packages—Rush at the Office.

Probably never before have the local mail carriers worked as they did yesterday morning. Never before have so many Christmas presents passed through the postoffice here in so short a time. Before noon almost every package received was in the hands of recipients and the carriers were enjoying a breathing spell before starting out on their last special trip of the day.

The carriers reported at the postoffice in the morning at a much earlier hour than usual. Each was given an assistant to carry packages, and each resembled Santa Claus himself as he marched out of the big building.

They, themselves, were not forgotten, for, as they made their accustomed trip, each man received numerous little remembrances from families they served.

Hundreds of expectant persons called at the general delivery windows in the morning to get presents, and the majority were not disappointed. Others lingered about the postoffice the greater part of the forenoon anxiously waiting to see if the next mail would not bring the expected favor.

## COAL-LADEN SHIP, REPORTED LOST AT SEA, SAFE IN HARBOR

NORFOLK, Va., Dec. 25.—The barge Sharon Hill, supposed to have been lost at sea, with all on board while en route here from Philadelphia, has arrived. Bad weather delayed her. She has 552 tons of anthracite coal aboard.

## LAWRENCE POSSESSED STRANGE FASCINATION

Missourian Was Charged With Grave Crimes.

W. B. on "Barney" Lawrence is a strange character, says a dispatch from St. Joseph, Mo., to the "Chicago Chronicle." He is either a hypnotist of great power and a dangerous man or else he has been misjudged and is being terribly wronged.

Lawrence has just been sent to the penitentiary from Trenton, Mo., for alleged school-book swindles, and it is admitted by those who have had to deal with him that his case is the strangest that has ever been known in legal annals in this State.

For many years Lawrence was a school teacher at Cameron, and was well known in De Kalb and Clinton counties. He was a bright and talented young man, and a few years ago it became rumored that he possessed a strange magnetism. People in the country where Lawrence taught school knew little about hypnotism, and they did not regard his power as dangerous.

It is not believed that Lawrence himself realized the extent of the strange power he possessed for several years. He practiced on some of the students in his schools in a harmless way and shied for the amusement of the others.

Finally he engaged in the sale of libraries for country schools, and his method of operation was plainly a swindle. He sold in many counties in the State, and when a sale had been made took the personal notes of the school directors for the amount due him for the library.

The books were seldom delivered, Lawrence always having a contract with another person to deliver them. He was arrested several times, but was always able to show that he was not under contract to deliver the books.

Then the mysterious part of his transactions began to come to the surface. Lawrence had induced a young man who was then editor of the "Cameron Sun" to become his partner and he was to deliver the books sold by Lawrence. When the notes were given to Lawrence he immediately cashed them at the nearest bank and disappeared from the scene.

The young man who had entered into a partnership with his former school teacher was found dead in his bed one day. It was presumed that he had committed suicide. It became known that Lawrence had carried insurance on the life of his partner and he collected it.

School directors all over the State have complained of the strange influence Lawrence had over them. Into some of the districts where he went to sell his books he found that there was no money in the treasury, but he was undaunted. He took the notes of the directors themselves, promising to hold them up! There was money in the treasury. These men signed notes while under the influence of the book agent, and in every instance were forced to pay the note, whether the books were delivered or not.

## LOUIS JAMES ASKED TO RETURN TWO PILLOWS

Believed to Be Basis of Suit for \$20,000 Damages Instituted by Actor Against Hotel.

DALLAS, Tex., Dec. 25.—Actor Louis James has sued the Oriental Hotel of Dallas, for \$20,000 damages. The hotel is owned by St. Louis men. Manager McIlhenny said:

"When Mr. James' company left the hotel recently we missed two pillows, and telegraphed him to return them. We received a reply to the effect that the telegram was an insult. I presume that is the basis of the suit started in the court at Sherman."

## THIS JERSEYMAN SAYS HE IS HEIR TO AN EARL

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 25.—"Right Hon." George Goodwin Barnham Swift, of Vineland